



Hallmarks 2011

CREATIVE WRITING AND VISUAL ART FROM THE HARPETH HALL SCHOOL

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Creative Writing and Visual Art

from

The Harpeth Hall Upper School

3801 Hobbs Road • Nashville, TN • 37215

Wax days drip drowsily ...

-Caitlin Casey

cover painting by Allison Richter
ink sketch (above) by Maggie Patterson

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Rhythm of Life

Words

Millie Wert

Furtive, abscission, abecedarian, fractious,
Corrupt, immoral, unrighteous, nefarious,
Sesquipedalian, rectitude, glean, somniferous,
Clamorous, boisterous, obnoxious, and bumptious.

There are so many words and meanings out there—
So much to learn—so much to read.
But why do they matter?
I'll tell you why they matter to me.

Because of words, Lawton left us.
Because of words, Pa doesn't smile anymore.
Because of words, Weaver got in another fight.
Because of words, a secret became a story.
Because of words, written on a page, my life changed forever.

*"Words are just words, Royal would say.
But words are more powerful than anything."
Words are all the hope I need.*

The italicized section (above) is taken from Jennifer Donnelly's *A Northern Light*.

Song of the Times

Natalie Gideon

It's on the news
It's all around
The President is dead
12 killed in a mine in Russia

Yet we continue
Passing through sleep and awake
In cycles of joy, pain and apathy

The beautiful girls and boys
Bet on the horses, drink, kiss
Numb to the fact that
The world is closing fast

The sun isn't burning out
The horizon
Free of mushroom clouds
Terrorists alive and well

And we are in a drunken haze,
Just watching the curtains shut

Granny Ruby's Wedding Ring

Caroline Hawkins

A habitual visit to your worn down apartment,
The one I've always wanted to paint vibrant colors.
Or bring you some kind of entertainment of sorts
Like music or games or both.

But you, you're contented with stillness
And comfortable with light and blue couches.
And your memory is your television
Your postcards are your letters
And when you miss him, he's there in your mind.

I knock, and create movement
A sixteen-year-old girl with a small lump of sugar
And a clock of a different kind
And the same blood as you
And the same eyes too.

You laugh and repeat lots of words,
'Cause your ears are occupied by sounds
And you're incarcerated in a gallery,
Hung up on a wall to allocate wisdom.

But this time you reach for the light,
Thanking me so gracefully as if I'd brought it.
Your porcelain hair and striking blue eyes
Fade into me, not in color but in clarity.

You ask for me to retrieve a pocket fold in the top drawer of your dresser.
It's blue fabric with embroidered roses on it.
I hand it to you, and you open it delicately,
Your fingers trembling.

You clasp my left hand, your touch so foreign,
Your emotions in a time capsule.
My finger so long and made for a piano,
So variant from your petite hands.
But you put it on me anyway,
Sliding it down my finger, knowing it may not come off.

I say I love you and you say okay.
'Cause you know the price and the expense of words:
Those words.
Always okay, but sometimes you say,
I love you too
And the dust, it tickles when you play that combination of chords,
So you laugh, cause you know it may not come off.

"Bonded by the Band" by Suz Gill

from "In Pairs"

Joanna McCall

Inside the club she laughs:

She is tossed around

Like something to be tossed around—



"Teen Yin, Teen Yang" by Natalie Green

Shudder

Parker Davis

Lightning strikes

The top of the rod.

The long way to the bottom.

In its wake the bolt leaves ash

And a spark.

A point of contact left smoldering even at the memory.

Their lips met.



Child in Blue

Caroline Hawkins



I am a child in blue,
running hands through hair
and feet across cold pavement.
Soaking in sweet words and pressing lips,
I'm packaged in uncomfortably strong arms
that push against my backbone.
Sailing along with a wild thing
who once bit my ear while on a diet from kissing,
his blue is an untamed riot
rushing through my veins—
a sea of feelings
a sky of opportunity
a change of eye color.
He stares at my hands
and plays with my ring
and my fingernails
along with my mind
and the monarchs of my heart.

"Butterfly Dancer" by Isabel Concepcion

My Room

Haley Caulkins

My room and its walls like mismatched socks
And its pictures and posters patching pockets of space
And its hooks hanging flowers and feathers and lamps
My room and its door like a scrapbook page
And its bookcase bundled with trinkets and treasures
And its floor flooded with clothes and cargo
My room and its desk like an island in a storm
And its blue bed with covers cascading off the side
And its closet crammed with scuffed shoes
My room with origami animals flying around this jungle
And its buttons bedazzling borders of bland blots
And its pestering post-its recorded with reminders
My room just the way I like it



"Dreaming" by Ragan Wilson



Street Lamp

Claire Johnson

The
Street Lamp
Glow's a neon yellow to
the few passersby
Its shadow is cast
Upon The Wall
Behind
it
in
the
quiet
night
it
stands
tall
and
alone
watching
the
sleeping
city
drift
into
dreamy
abyss while
I lie here awake

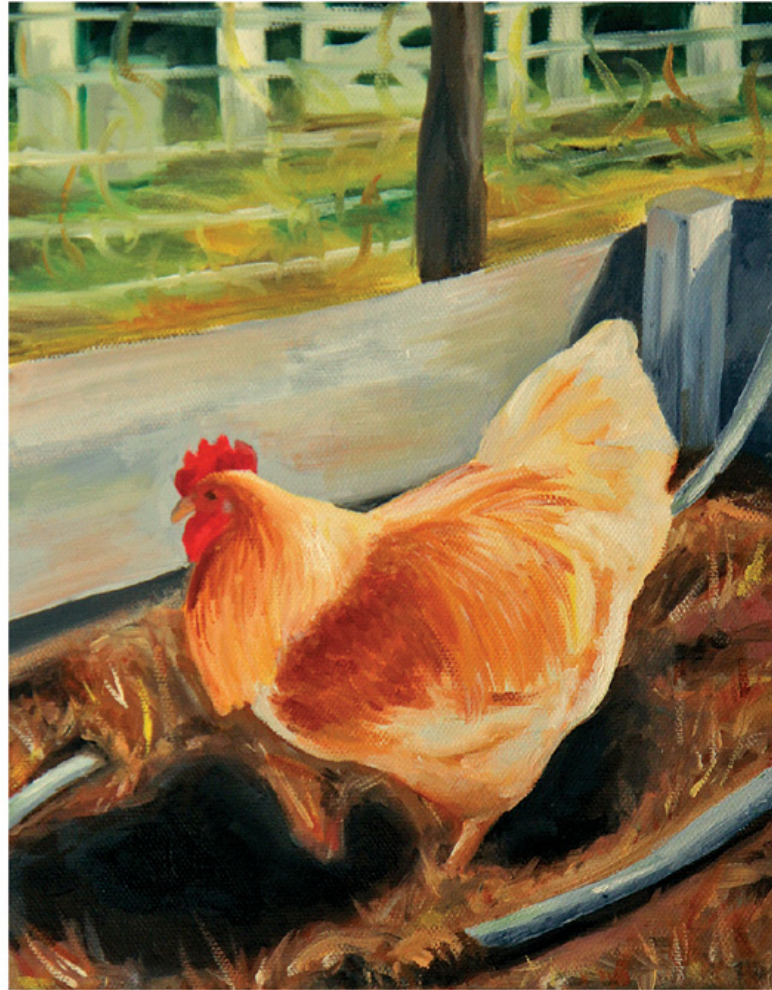
Cold Cheese Hot Dogs

Logan Day

As I watch the piranha in my father's ten-gallon tank swim around slowly, anyone close enough to see could feel the suspicion in his little black eyes drain all feeling from your bones. My dad drops a quarter of a cheese hot dog into the tank. Before I can even blink, the gray-blue piranha rips the hot dog to shreds so that little small slivers are floating through the tank. Slowly the piranha collects the stray pieces and begins to calm himself down. I, being completely oblivious to the great rage of this small quick fish, steal some of the hot dog and dip my hand into the tank to feed the lovely fish. My dad, having his back turned away, looks back to see my hand wet and dripping and the piranha eating viciously a small little nub. Of course adults always assume the worst. He quickly picks me up, sets me on the counter, grabs a towel, and when he sees nothing is bleeding on my hands, gives me a disturbed look. He walks over to the fish tank to see part of the hot dog missing and looks back at me and grins with disbelief. He says, "*Now Logan, you can't feed the damn flesh-eating piranha a hot dog with your bare hands.*" Having learned my lesson, I decide to pick up my friendly flesh-eating piranha's habits and begin to eat cold cheese hot dogs every morning for breakfast. In my mind, I was at one with this little piranha and wanted to be just like him.

This incident started me on a tradition of my own eating half of a cheese hot dog and stashing the other half into the side compartment of my mom's car, only to receive a hollow glower from my mom in the following weeks when she would discover many half-eaten hot dogs that have been making her car smelly. The last time I ever ate a cold cheese hot dog is when Wanda, our old maid, convinced my mother that raw hot dogs were bad and could carry disease. It didn't matter; Wanda had facial hair.

Nature



"Doodle-Do" by Olivia Reeve

"Meow" by Suz Gill (*opposite page*)



Felis Catus

Cara Moses

The felis catus.
Allegedly a fluffy feline friend,
A purring companion,
Always there to curl up at your feet.
But not mine.

Mine is a domestic demon.
A nightmare that claws the curtains, ignores the litter box,
And says "good morning" with a dead mouse on my pillow.
She is a Tasmanian devil, leaving destruction in her wake,
And terrorizing the neighbor's Boston Terrier.
But lately something has changed.
She no longer hisses like a steam engine.
Instead she stares at me serenely
Or gazes out the window for hours with her liquid tawny eyes.
She actually lets me touch her, and for the first time
I scratch behind her ears.
Could I actually be turning into a cat person?

This reminds me.
I really must get that check to the taxidermist.

Arctic Life

a found poem, from National Geographic

Liza Martin

Wild flowers
Bloom,
Seed,
And die
In a rush;
For mammal,
Bird,
And fish,
Life flourishes quickly
Against high odds
And ends as
Suddenly



“Mountain Gaze” (photograph)
by Halle Zander

Tornado

a memory poem

Olivia Hurd

The clouds are bruised, black, navy, purple.
It is as dark as night

The tornado sounds like a freight train.
My ears pop and I try to swallow, but I can still taste the fear in my mouth.
But then it's over and when we go outside, the sun is shining.
And the whole neighborhood is scattered across the schoolyard.

Employed by Sound

Caroline Hawkins

The wind blows open the curtain,
Sunrise spotlight shines on my grieving frame
Exposing the leaves that tremble when touched by its breath
The world's a stage and my life's an accompaniment.
For I am alone, together with my instrument ...
Harmonizing,
Along with a passing audience, unaware of their presence at my show.
Some feed us change,
But it doesn't change anything.
Mostly I play along to the rhythms of the silent footsteps,
Their own lives muting over me.
My pockets are vacant,
But my fingers are filled to the brim.
I can play anything, hear me clear?
Encore tomorrow?
You got it, I'll be there.

“Nashville Star” (silk screen)
by Molly Claybrook



Seagulls

Natalie May

Atop sun-bleached piers that shelter them,
the seagulls roost in a line
like foreign deities whose golden eyes
shine. They wait.

Like stone, they will roost there 'til
the miserable hour
when the fetal sun is born,
and light makes its entrance.

From their bearing, the courageous
find the will to shun, on earth at least,
invention and convention;

enthralled by fleeting shade,
humankind will always be shamed
from attempting to alter the status quo.


an imitation of "Owls" by Charles Baudelaire



"Fishing Village" by Jamie DuBois

Buttercup Predictions

Julie Wilson



The clouds get darker every day
And the sun finds new ways to hide away.
God sends earthquakes, tornadoes, and floods,
Fires that destroy everything we love.
The embers burn brightly and we come together,
Standing with hands linked. Our love is our shelter,
And I can only wonder if this is what He meant
To create disaster so that'd we repent.
We only heal when we've been broken.
We only cry when the wrong words are spoken,
But I think it's beautiful that we're learning to
Cry like a waterfall at the happy things too.
Let the tears flow and the troubles fade
As we watch new beginnings come our way.
Weddings, birthdays, graduations, and more—
We cry, cry like babies, until we can't anymore.
We read beautiful books, let the pages crinkle and fade.
We jump in the puddles and dance in the rain.
We make dandelion wishes and buttercup predictions.
We know our days are numbered and we are already missing
The days when we were younger and the days that we were free,
When mistakes didn't matter and our world was drawn out with chalk on the street.
We knew we had it good, but it wasn't until now
That I realized I didn't need to be older to figure it all out.
You can only move forward, but you can always look back
At the colorful kites in the sky and the hot sand on the beach,
And be ready to take a little hand with you as you walk that path again
With the next generation that comes our way, ready to take it all in.
I'm only a quarter of the way through this life,
Not even that, at seventeen,
And I've already got a good idea
Of where we're heading to.

Under Water

My Fish Are Dead

Frances Dean

Vandy floated to the top
 Goldy was in a bag I dropped
 Swimmy did not like his bowl
 Count Olaf was very old
 Puddles' tank I never cleaned
 Butters, I forgot to feed
 Snape was lunch for the cat
 And I never bought one after that



"Life as a Gourami" by Monique Hagler

"The Faucet" by Kat Milam



The Shower

Mary Liza Hartong

There's something safe about a shower,
 Something just the tiniest bit more sheltering than, say, a locked closet
 Or a quilt.
 But really the only difference is the curtain.
 How strange that this piece of cloth allows us to shed everything that we are not,
 Clothes and worries alike,
 and dance in the mechanically engineered rain for ten or so minutes
 uninterrupted.

What is it about those ten odd minutes
 that is so different than the rest of our day?
 Perhaps it is the sheer aloneness.
 No one can tell you how to squirt the shampoo bottle or scold you
 for using more than a dime sized amount of body wash.
 There aren't any kibitzing mothers monitoring the temperature.

A shower, perhaps, is what religion should be like.
 A quotidian baptizing, the washing away of minor stains.
 A solitary thing, but not a lonely thing. Just like you could say:
 "I was in the shower when I thought of the idea," and everyone would understand,
 so would it be with spiritual awakenings, universal but personal.
 And though you mightn't ever be able to tell why,
 Religion would feel just a bit safer than everything else,
 With God as that extra barrier, that curtain
 Allowing you ten minutes or so of peace each day.

The Umbrella

Claire Johnson

She
walks down
the street dreaming
of how her life could have been
fond memories big plans diluted now by
a thing called time all that lingers is the pain and regret
as she walks down the street her tears mix with the rain
drops from and cheek
that fall the sky onto her
like
melting
ice
cream
dripping
down
the
cone
does
he
miss
me
too



"Wind" by Alexis Hawkins

Taormina

Sheridan Haley

La pluie a tombé sur Taormina
Le matin quand j'ai allé au pont
Où les fleurs blanches poussent

L'eau recueillie à mes pieds
De l'herbe mouillée
Et je respire l'air humide

Je ne veux pas partir ce lieu
Mais le soleil se lève
Et les oiseaux chantent

The rain fell on Taormina
The morning when I went to the bridge
Where the white flowers grow

Where the water collects at my feet
From the wet grass
And I breathe the damp air

I don't want to leave this place
But the sun is rising
And the birds are singing



“Water Course” by Halley Froeb

Nostalgia



"Spring" by Laura Mullin

Days Now Gone

Eleanor Weeks

After the harsh heat of the noon star,
His sisters breathe a gentler light.
Yet we recall the shining day,
And long for the sun's glory bright.

Our mornings once a shining joy
No more bluebirds, but cackling crows.
Hair, once sun and earth, has now turned
To gentle ash and bitter snow.

Our laughter once pizzicato,
Has now changed to a languid lull.
We once dreamed of knowing the world,
Now our pages are furrowed and full.

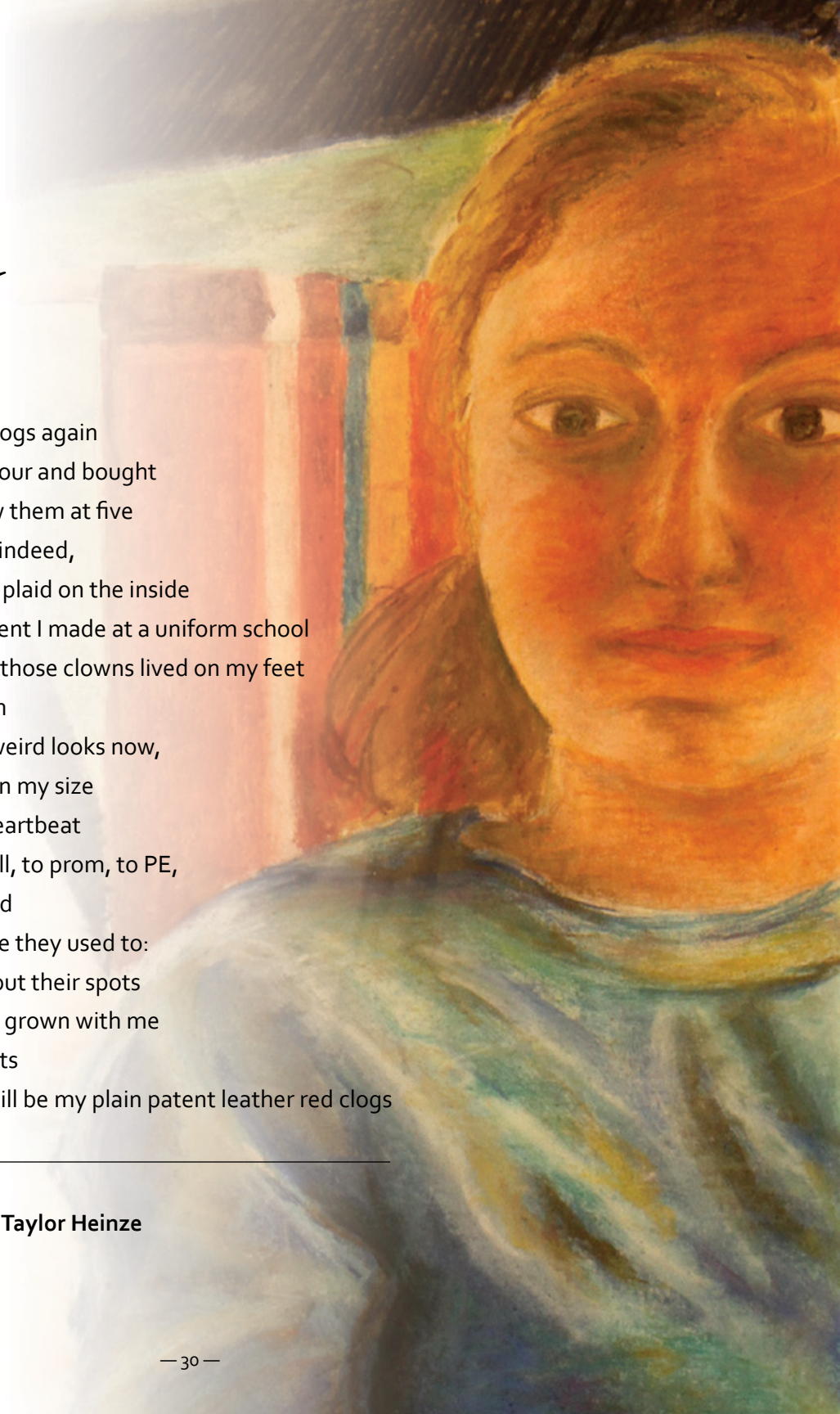
My eyes are cloudy, no longer play
As in days now gone, my dancing days.

Red Clogs

Frances Dean

I want to wear my red clogs again
I had a pair when I was four and bought
Another when I outgrew them at five
They were classy shoes indeed,
Red patent leather with plaid on the inside
The one fashion statement I made at a uniform school
Every day for two years those clowns lived on my feet
I would wear them again
Sure I would get some weird looks now,
But if I could find them in my size
I would buy them in a heartbeat
I'd wear them to the mall, to prom, to PE,
I'd sleep in them if I could
They'd cover my feet like they used to:
Like two ladybugs without their spots
Maybe they would have grown with me
And grown into their dots
Or maybe they would still be my plain patent leather red clogs

"Girl Uninterrupted" by Taylor Heinze



Granddad

a pantoum

Liza Martin



Deep hazel eyes that glisten like a gentle stream
Rough hands made of dirt, war, and age
Jolly belly that jiggles like jello
A smile that stretches from ear to ear

Rough hands made of dirt, war, and age
Knowledge is butter in the hot sun
A smile that stretches from ear to ear
A bucket hat floats on the barren desert of his head

Knowledge is butter in the hot sun
Advice is as straight as an arrow
A bucket hat floats on the barren desert of his head
A crackly cackle that pops from his mouth like pop corn

Advice is as straight as an arrow
Jolly belly that jiggles like jello
A crackly cackle that pops from his mouth like pop corn
Deep hazel eyes that glisten like a gentle stream

"The Easy Chair" by Sarah Hong

The Fourth of July

Evan Gibbs

Dad's tending to the charred hot dogs and chicken,
Mom's boiling potatoes and corn
The lemonade and iced tea are placed in the fridge next to the ketchup and mustard
Heat sticking to my back which cannon ball into a cool pool fades
Push pops and sparklers
Cooler full of beer and Coke
The feel of fresh cut grass under my feet as I swat the birdie
Roman candles
Apple, cherry, and chess pie
Dirty knees and scabs
A hot leather bike seat and burnt red back
All we need is a water hose and trash bag
The fort we built on the river
"Drops of Jupiter" playing at the neighborhood pool
Accidental explosion of bottle rockets
Begging, "Take me to the fireworks tent"
Sitting on the front porch watching a show
The people across the street hollerin'
Lighting the manila candles
Swatting mosquitoes
Swaying in the front porch swing
Listening to an old radio

"Red Hightops" by Isabel Conception





Bonnie Scott

There was once an hour,
A minute, a single second perhaps
In which words weren't enough
To fill the aching in my chest,
To piece together all the broken and dim shambles
Of thought
Carried in my heavy pockets.
There was once a day,
A week, a whole year maybe
When I lost myself to the slow moving tide,
When the person I once was slipped out
Like a dark figure in the dead of night
And went away for a while
To see parts of the world
She knew I never would.
There was a moment
A single moment of realization
In which I saw the world
For what it is
Sitting on the back porch of my childhood
Looking up at the vast expanse
Of all that is
And all that was—
The chains on my shoulders
Unwrapped themselves from their tangled mass
And floated like black birds in the night
To join the brilliant stars
Speckled like dew drops on the universe.

And the empty hole I had dug in my chest
Filled
With all the forgotten light laying dormant
In the marrow of my bones,
And gently patted down
By the memory of your senseless wonder
Until all that was left
Of what once was
Was my shadow
And the seamless, nearly forgotten scar
I now find myself absentmindedly tracing
With the tip of my tired finger.



"Girl" by Halley Froeb

75,000 Broken Promises

Julie Wilson

Fact: 75,000 teddy bears are left behind in hotels every year.

When I was little, I didn't carry around a teddy bear, or even a stuffed animal. Instead, I had a doll named Dolly. She wore a pink and white plaid dress, and when you hugged her real tight or tickled her belly, she would squeak. She had a little bonnet to protect her soft head, and I would carefully strap it on when we left for trips.

When my family traveled to Virginia, Dolly joined us. When my family returned to Maryland, Dolly was forgotten. I pictured her softly pressed into the hotel mattress, hidden beneath the sheets. I hoped her eyes were closed and she was dreaming peacefully. I didn't want her to be scared, like I was.

I cried for hours and wondered how I could ever consider sleeping without my best friend. My older brother brought me a Dr. Seuss book—*Fox in Socks*—and by the end, I was smiling. I read it again and again until my tongue was sore, and Tweedledum and Tweedledee were chasing each other around in my head. When I went to sleep that night, I imagined the book was my friend and wrapped it in my arms.

The hotel shipped Dolly back to us two days later. She was sleeping on a bed of peanuts, her eyes closed.

I held her in my arms for the rest of the day, scared I might lose her again. That night, I nestled her between my comforter and my heart. I promised to never stop loving her.

We lost the bonnet—Dolly and I. We had gone to the playground with it and returned without it. I wondered if another little girl had picked it up or a dog had buried it with his favorite bone.

My grandmother sewed a new dress for Dolly the color of the stripes on my walls. It had white lace and puffy sleeves, a creamy pink color, like the inside of a sea shell. There was a matching headband too.

I reread *Fox in Socks*. My tongue didn't hurt when I was finished.

The headband kept falling off Dolly, so I tied it around her waist. Her head became dirty.

We moved to a new house and my new room was blue. I hated pink and I started at a new school.

A boy asked me to the school dance, and I wore a green dress. When I got home, I danced around my bedroom and giggled into my pillow.

My little brother dropped my pennies in the toilet. It was okay, though. He was only two.

There was another school dance and my friend helped me do my makeup. Dolly's cheeks had always been red, and I made sure we looked the same.

My brother dropped Dolly in the toilet. It wasn't okay. I cried that night too.

Dolly went on a trip through the washing machine twice. She was baptized and baptized again. My mom said she was clean, but I didn't believe her. I was scared to touch her.

I went on my first date, and this time, I wore less makeup. When he hugged me goodnight, I didn't squeak. I just smiled and loved being fifteen.

One day, when I was searching for my lost license, I heard a squeak. I pulled my hand out from under the bed and found my Dolly, cold and confused. Her baby blue eyes made me realize that she had never changed, but I was not the same.

I broke my promise when I was sixteen. I pressed Dolly's eyelids shut and hugged her tight one last time. Then, I laid her to rest on the top shelf of my closet.

The fact above is incorrect. It should read: 75,000 best friends are left behind in hotels every year, and 75,000 promises are broken each year.

"Doyenne" by I. Conception



Set Fire

Julie Wilson

You set fire to a train without saying goodbye
Left me waiting at the tracks at the end of July
With your sparkling eyes and childish smile,
You had me thinking you were mine, at least for a while

Morbid Corner



"The Mortician's Daughter" by Ragan Wilson

Supper-Master

Grace Cummings

She was a faithful country wife
Bore beautiful babies and cleaned up real nice
Never spoke a lick of sass
To her master, head of the house.
No, she'd wait for supper time
To say it with cyanide.

You Home?

Julie Wilson

An endless ringing of the phone,
but no one's home to hear its drone
Unopened letters with the stamps peeled off,
and pictures faded from forgotten thoughts.
Smoke surrounds your silhouette,
as you lose yourself in the next cigarette
The phone keeps ringing, and I know you're home,
but I think I'll keep saying that you're gone.

Alternatives (Stockholm Syndrome)

Abby Smith

i was broken for a long time.
my fat was the original problem
Always slowing me down,
"hindering" me, You said.
"But I can help you."
i took Your offer with shame, a red face,
and You pulled me out of my shame.
Do You remember when
my legs hurt because my shoes didn't fit correctly?
That was the time when
Nasty marks covered my arms all the time

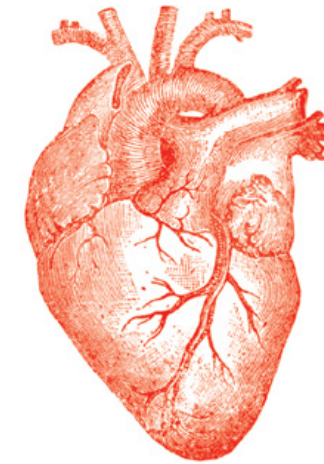


That were rough and raw and sore to the touch.
So as payment for the many nights i spent with You, when
i felt the pain move into my core,
You cast out that cruel demon.
Time and time again, You made me better whenever
a flaw was found.
You said my mind was seamless,
But my body was unwell.
i handed myself for You to fix.
Yes, yes, You made me perfect.
God handed You the clay;
You molded the masterpiece.
So i never feel more complete than when
You cradle my limbless, hollowed-out body under one expert hand and
Your hungry scalpel in the other.

"Escape" by Delaney Royer

Revenge is Fun

Frances Dean



But revenge is fun
and I always thought a pen
was better than a gun.

Still, I don't hate you—
I was just a little angry that
you never even tried to thank me.

But it's just as well
because I've been through hell,
and now I know that a sinner's fate
is taking you on a second date.

Personalities



ed wood

Abby Smith

A lot of people have told me over the years to give up making movies. I didn't give up on the movies, but I did take up writing novels, as well. But believe it or not, a lot of the same people from before told me to give up on that, too. I think that some people just aren't open to my particular artistic expression, especially when my pieces involve men in women's clothing. Nevertheless, this is the real world, and I'm certainly a part of it, so I won't drop the subject.

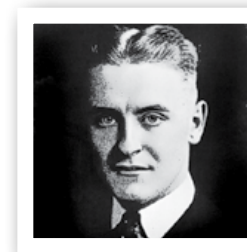
People have called me crazy for that, you know. Cross-dressing, I mean—though I know I have other quirks. My mother loved it; she dressed me up like her own little doll until I was twelve ... until she could not be fooled by the makeup on the monster's face anymore. Now, when I try to throw the mask back on, people treat me like I'm a freak of nature. What part of nature isn't freaky? Isn't cross-dressing better than getting blown up by some crazy Jap or Nazi because I didn't have the comfort of the support from my brassiere and panties? We were all human. We all saw the same sh-t out there. We were all out of our minds. They didn't care about the little things like that once we were out on the field. That's why I don't understand people

nowadays. Why can't they just ignore the little things and appreciate the bigger picture, like movies? Filmmaking is not about the tiny details. It's about the big picture, the bigger message.

While many directors are showered with flowers and fan letters, I've been getting a lot of calls from people forcing their negative feelings onto me. *"Worst film I ever saw,"* each one says. *"Well,"* I reply, *"my next one will be better."*

People often lose faith in an artist because they begin to predict an artist's work. *"You're obsessed with sex and the occult and the queer and wrong!"*

It's not that simple. I'm not obsessed with any of these things: rather, I use my vision of each of these things to convey my message. No matter how much people criticize me and my hard work, I will continue to work forever. Those few people, like Béla Lugosi, who truly appreciate my movies, appreciate my message. One day, people will understand me, my name in Hollywood will never be forgotten, and I will finally gain the love I've always dreamed of having. I always insist: *"We will finish the picture just the way I want it; you cannot compromise an artist's vision."* They'll see one day that I was right. They'll love my movies. They'll love me.



f. scott fitzgerald

Kelsea Best

You never loved him.
My green light, tell me
You never loved him.

My ghost, my dream, my past
Let me clutch your wrists
And tell me you never loved him.

Look at me with those
Green, silver, clinking eyes
And promise you never loved him.

Five years, five lifetimes I waited
To hear your money voice
Whisper you never loved him.

So I will stand outside your
Firefly window until you say the words
Jay, I never loved him.

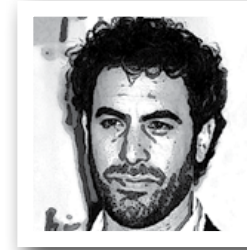
He is a brute, an old sport,
A dust monster. I don't see how
You ever could have loved him.

And what of the soldier
Who held your hand, made money promises?
Did you ever love him?

Who took you with wishes
And ballooned you with glittering lies.
Did you ever love him?

For I will be lost under the green sky,
Deceived by the endless West frontier
If you ever ever loved him ...

Now look here, my liquor, my drug—
My love—
I will rattle your teeth,
Shake from you the winded words
That you never loved him.



sacha baron-cohen

Emily Buzhardt

You know, if I wasn't this hairy, I'd probably be unemployed. I have to grow these huge 'staches in just a couple weeks to fit my shooting schedule. If I wasn't covered in all this hair, there would be no Ali G., no Bruno, no Borat.

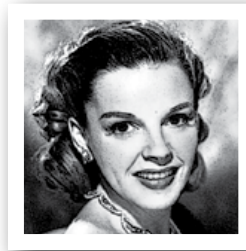
These 'staches are crucial because they let me hide behind open doors, unconstrained by a script or guidelines. I simply get to play off of others. But at the same time, I am constrained by the thoughts of these people. It's as if I am shaving a wooly mammoth with a rusty razor.

You know, it's kind of bizarre, though, how this fame came about. I mean, when I made these films, I never intended to get any kind of critical acclaim. I just wanted to make the funniest film possible and to create something satirical. I just wanted to make my friends laugh. It's really bizarre how people have reacted. All I wanted was to tickle the stubbles of society. Just get a few laughs. But after they're done laughing, they realize I've cut deep. They feel naked and exposed. They get angry, and then I get sued.

I mean, I think at some point we've got to examine ourselves. We've got to make closer cuts. We've got to take off our mustaches and reveal our real selves.

Sometimes, though, when I'm acting there is this moment when I feel almost like a hit-man about to bring down something that is going to change everything. It's as if I'm looking into the mirror and have pulled out the razor. I'm about to make a cut and change the image we see. I'm making them look into the mirror and see their faces, smooth and bare.

In a way it's eerie how a harmless man with a mustache can make people unravel. He makes them question, doubt, wonder. Their laughs make them uncomfortable. Well, society isn't so clean-shaven after all now, is it?



judy garland

Michele Martin

I will myself to believe the lie
That skies are blue and dreams come true.
But behind every cloud there's another cloud—
David, Vincent, Sidney, Mark,
And of course, dear old mom.

I was eight when she started pouring them down my throat:
Breakfast served with a side of amphetamines, and depressants to rock me to sleep.
I was a character in her show from the start.

I click my heels three times and *poof*.
The only yellow I see is the bright spotlight shining down on me.
Maybe there is nothing more than Kansas after all,
But Kansas has a wicked witch of its own—her name is Fame.
I'll get you my pretty ... and your little dog, too!

People kept saying I was a little star in the Heavens,
But there is no trace of piety when I look in the mirror.
All I see is the insecure little girl I used to be.
If I am a legend then why am I so lonely?

Still, in some part of myself, I believe in Oz,
In a land where good triumphs over evil
And where MGM doesn't get the final word.

Yes, I believe in the idea of the rainbow.
And I've spent my entire life trying to get over it.



"After Van Gogh" by Kili Walsh

Put it on the Record

inspired by Mahmoud Darwish's "Put it on the Record"

Amanda Rehorn

Put it on the record.

I am a woman

My number of years is something you will never know

I am expected to have children

Motherhood in nine months

Why should I feel inferior?

Put it on the record.

I am a woman

I am to mend the injuries

Of my seven children, every day of the week

Cook the food, they say,

Wash the clothes, while teaching a child

Multiple tasks: I have—

Yet *help* will never pass my lips—

To admit inability lowers my substatus

Why should I feel inferior?

Put it on the record

I am a woman

I am a pretty face lacking a mind,

Managing a house of backbreaking perfection

Assistant to an absent boss

My origins

Rooted in ancestors

Carried through women

Planned carefully

Before our status was denoted second

My father is from the family of dirt fortune

His status defines my potential

My grandfather grew from lower distinctions

Without noble blood

My house is not mine

Constructed only by my husband

Does my condition please you?

I am a name who lost its surname

Put it on the record.

I am a woman

Color of hair: whatever pleases

Color of eyes: reflection of the floor

My distinguishing features:

Supposed flowing hair cascading over curves

To only have one who sees them, while others know yours

My address:

Assumes the identity of my husband's,

My old home now nameless,

That family second to my new one.

Why should I feel inferior?

Put it on the record.

I am a woman

My forefather's lands are no longer my own

The land I used to walk

My sisters watching our mother with knowledge of the awaiting repetition

Knowing my children will do the same

Will someday walk this new land

The sons will take their wives

Forgetting their mother's life

So!

Put it on the record at the top of the first page:

I don't hate men

I don't claim to be one of them.

And yet, if they continue to devalue me

I shall leave their home and bring their heirs with me

Beware, beware of my determination

And of my independence!

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"Linville Cafe" by Kendal Herring

The Hallmarks CD

The 2011 Hallmarks CD features students performing original songs. Excerpts from those performances are available on the pages that follow. A recent version of Adobe Acrobat is required to play the audio.



Note: the image of a street lamp on page 14 was taken from a photograph by Börkur Sigurbjörnsson and is used under the auspices of Creative Commons. The staff would like to thank Mr. Sigurbjörnsson for making this image of an Amsterdam night scene available online.



The Songs

To Play: Make sure your version of
Adobe Acrobat is current. Click on the icons below.



"Falling" by Rebecca Sanders